Enter mistresse Page.

Gods body here is misteris *Page*,
Step behind the arras good sir *Iohn*.

He steps behind the arras.

Mis.Pa. Misteris *Ford*, why woman your husband is in his old vaine againe, hees comming to search for your sweet heart, but I am glad he is not here.

Mis.For. O God misteris *Page* the knight is here, What shall I do?

Mis.Pa. Why then you'r vndone woman, vnles you make some meanes to shift him away.

Mis.For. Alas I know no meanes, vnlesse we put him in the basket againe.

Fal. No Ile come no more in the basket, (ling peeces.
Ile creep vp into the chimney.

Mis.*For.* There they vse to discharge their Fow-

Fal. Why then Ile goe out of doores.

Mi.Pa. Then your vndone, your but a dead man.

Fal. For Gods sake deuise any extremitie,
Rather then a mischiefe.

Mis.Pa. Alas I know not what meanes to make,
If there were any womans apparell would fit him,
He might put on a gowne and a mufler,
And so escape.

Mi.For. Thats wel remembred, my maids Aunt *Gillian* of *Brainford*, hath a gowne aboue.

Mis.Pa. And she is altogether as fat as he.

Mis.For. I that will serue him of my word.

Mis.Pa. Come goe with me sir *Iohn*, Ile helpe to dresse you.

Fal. Come for God sake, any thing.

Exit Mis. Page, & Sir Iohn.

Enter

Enter M.Ford, Page, Priest, Shallow, the two men carries the basket, and Ford meets it.

For. Come along *I* pray, you shal know the cause,
How now whither goe you? Ha whither go you?
Set downe the basket you slaue,
You panderly rogue set it downe. (thus?

Mis.For. What is the reason that you vse me

For. Come hither set downe the basket,
Misteris *Ford* the modest woman,
Misteris *Ford* the vertuous woman,
She that hath the iealous foole to her husband,
I mistrust you without cause do I not?

Mis.For. I Gods my record do you. And if you mistrust me in any ill sort.

Ford. Well sed brazen face, hold it out,
You youth in a basket, come out here,
Pull out the cloathes, search. (cloathes?

Hu. Iesu plesse me, will you pull vp your wiues

Pa. Fie M. *Ford* you are not to go abroad if you be in these fits.

SirHu. By so kad vdge me, tis verie necessarie
He were put in pethlem.

For. M. *Page*, as *I* am an honest man M. *Page*,
There was one conueyd out of my house here yesterday out of this basket, why may he not be here now?

Mi.For. Come mistris *Page*, bring the old woma

For. Old woman, what old woman? (downe.

Mi.For. Why my maidens Aunt, *Gillis* of *Brainford*.
A witch, haue I not forewarned her my house,
Alas we are simple we, we know not what